

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellowe no feeling of his busines? a sings in graue-making.

Hora. Custome hath made it in him a propertie of easines.

Ham. Tis een so, the hand of little imploiment hath the dintier sence

Clow. But age with his stealing steppes *Song.*

hath clawed me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me into the land,

as if I had neuer been such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once; how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if twere Caines iawbone, that did the first murder, this might be the pate of a politician, which this asse now ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Hora. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow sweet lord, how doost thou sweet lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that praised my lord such a ones horse when a went to beg it, might it not?

Hor. I my Lord.

Ham. Why een so, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt about the massene with a Sextens spade; heere's fine reuolution and we had the tricke to see't, did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

Clow. A pickax and a spade a spade, *Song.*

for and a shrowding sheet,

O a pit of Clay for to be made

for such a guest is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer, where be his quiddities now, his quillites, his cases, his tenurs, and his tricks? why dooes he suffer this madde knaue now to knocke him about the sconce with a durtie shouell, and will not tell him of his adition of battery, hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statuts, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt, will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases & doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his Lands will scarcely lye in this box, & must th'inheritor himselfe haue no more, ha.

Hora. Not a iot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of sheepe-skinnes?

Hora.

Prince of Denmarke.

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calues-skinnes to.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues which seeke out assurance in that, I wil speak to this fellow. Whose graue's this sirra?

Clow. Mine sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede, for thou lyest in't.

Clow. You lie out ont sir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I doe not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doost lie in't to be in't & say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

Clow. Tis a quicke lye sir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doost thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman sir, but rest her soule shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeeres I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long hast thou been Graue-maker?

Clow. Of the dayes th'ere I came too't that day that our last king *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortenbrasse*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clow. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was borne: hee that is mad and sent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Clow. Why because a was mad: a shall recouer his wits there, or if a doo not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. Twill not be seene in him there, there the men are as mad: (as hee.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Fayth eene with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue been Sexten heere man and boy thirty yeeres.

M 3.

Ham.